To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman:
Flat treaſon againſt the Kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomacks are too young.
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vowd to ſtudie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forſworne his Booke.
Can you ſtill dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of ſtudies excellence,
Without the beautie of a womans face,
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Academs,
From whence doe ſpring the true *Promethean* fire,
Why, vniuerſall plodding poyſons vp,
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The ſinnowy vigour of the traueller.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forſworne the vſe of eyes,
And ſtudie too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beautie as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our ſelfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is.
Then when our ſelues we ſee in Ladies eye,
With our ſelues.
Doe we not likewiſe ſee our Learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to ſtudie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forſworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Liege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out,
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauties tutors haue inricht you with:
Other ſlow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therfore finding barren practizers,
Scarce ſhew a harueſt of their heauie toyle.
But Loue firſt learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all Elements,

Courſes as ſwift as thought in euery
And giues to euery power a doubl
Aboue their functions and their off
It addes a precious ſeeing to the ey
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle b
A Louers eare will heare the loweſt
When the ſuſpitious head of theft i
Loues feeling is more ſoft and ſenſi
Then are the tender hornes of Coc
Louestongue proues dainty, *Bacc*
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercule*
Still climing trees in the *Heſporide*
Subtill as *Sphinx*: as ſweet and muſ
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, ſtrung w
And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce
Make heauen drowſie with the har
Neuer durſt Poet touch a pen to w
Vntill his Inke were tempred with
O then his lines would rauiſh ſauag
And plant in Tyrants milde humil
From womens eyes this doctrine
They ſparkle ſtill the right Promet
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the
That ſhew, containe, and nouriſh a
Elſe none at all in ought proues ex
Then fooles you were, theſe wom
Or keeping what is ſworne, you wi
For wiſdomes ſake a word, that all
Or for loues ſake, a word that loue
Or for Mens ſake, the author of the
Or Womens ſake, by whom we m
Let's once looſe our oathes to find
Or elſe we looſe our ſelues, to keep
It is religion to be thus forſworne.
For Charitie it ſelfe fulfills the Law
And who can ſeuer Loue from Cha
Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and So
Ber. Aduance your ſtandards, a
Pell, mell, downe with them: bu

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3